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TM

THE HANDS OF SHANG-CHI, MASTER OF KUNG FU®

HIGH OVER
MANHATTAN,
SHANG-CHI
BATTLES TO
SAVE THE
WORLD!



FU MANCHU
HAS ORDERED
YOUR **DEATH!**

I HEAR
AND
OBEY!

ZECK/DAY

"Call me Shang-Chi, as my *father* did, when he raised me in the vacuum of his Honan, China retreat. Since then, I have learned that my father is Dr. Fu Manchu, the most insidiously evil man on earth...and that to *honor* him would bring nothing but *dishonor* to the spirit of my *name*."

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

MASTER OF KUNG FU!®

Featuring supporting characters created by SAX ROHMER

WARRIORS OF THE GOLDEN DAWN

PART
6



THE
LEOPARD



AND THE
DOVE

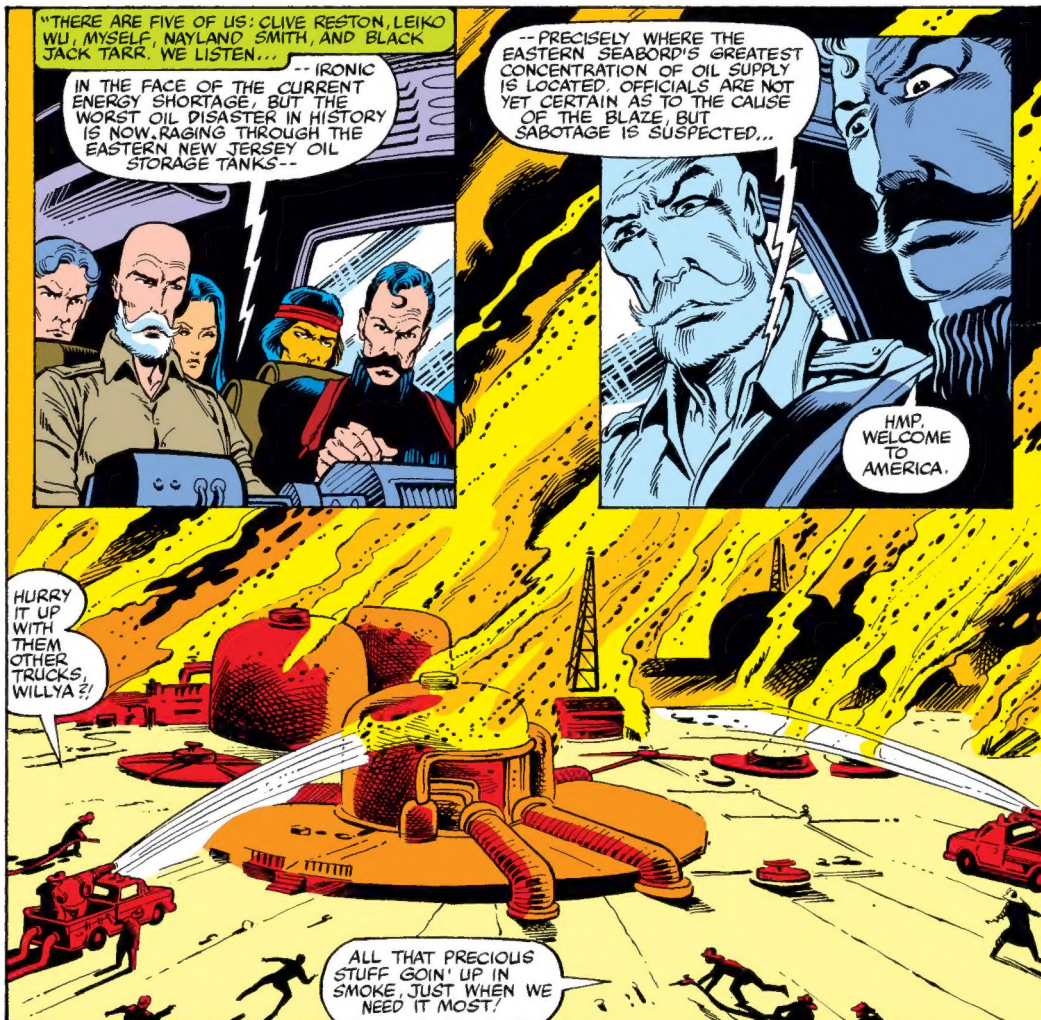
"WE REACH THE ISLAND OF
MANHATTAN, ONLY TO FIND
AN INFERNO BEYOND..."

WHAT
THE
DEVIL--?!

IT MUST BE
THE OIL
REFINERIES
IN NEW
JERSEY!

TUNE IN THE RADIO,
BLACK JACK-- A
COMMERCIAL NEWS
CHANNEL...

DOUG MOENCH / MIKE ZECK / GENE DAY / JIM NOVAK / BOB SHAREN / JIM SALICRUP / JIM SHOOTER
WRITER ARTIST INKER LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



"THERE ARE FIVE OF US: CLIVE RESTON, LEIKO WU, MYSELF, NAYLAND SMITH, AND BLACK JACK TARR. WE LISTEN...

-- IRONIC IN THE FACE OF THE CURRENT ENERGY SHORTAGE, BUT THE WORST OIL DISASTER IN HISTORY IS NOW RAGING THROUGH THE EASTERN NEW JERSEY OIL STORAGE TANKS--

--PRECISELY WHERE THE EASTERN SEABOARD'S GREATEST CONCENTRATION OF OIL SUPPLY IS LOCATED. OFFICIALS ARE NOT YET CERTAIN AS TO THE CAUSE OF THE BLAZE BUT SABOTAGE IS SUSPECTED...

HMP, WELCOME TO AMERICA.

HURRY IT UP WITH THEM OTHER TRUCKS, WILLYA?!

ALL THAT PRECIOUS STUFF GOIN' UP IN SMOKE, JUST WHEN WE NEED IT MOST!



WE GOT HIM--THIS IS THE FIREBUG THOSE WITNESSES CLAIM STARTED THE WHOLE THING!

WHAT? BUT THAT'S SHERMAN WILKINS, THE MAN WHO'S BEEN IN CHARGE OF NIGHT OPERATIONS FOR --

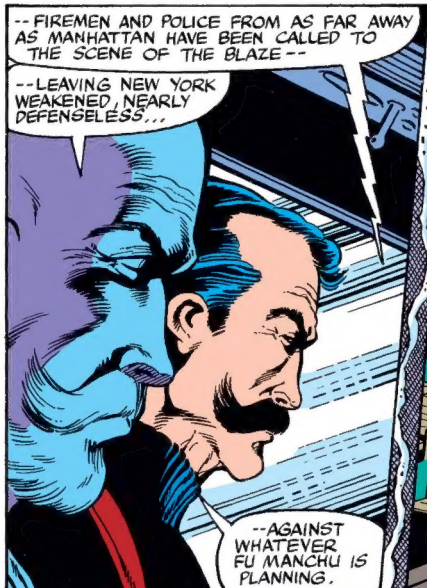


WHAT THE--?! A WIG--AND THOSE THINGS IN HIS HEAD! THEY LOOK LIKE... LIKE ELECTRODES OR SOMETHING...IMPLANTED DIRECTLY INTO HIS BRAIN! BUT WHO COULD HAVE DONE SUCH A THING--?!



QUICKLY.

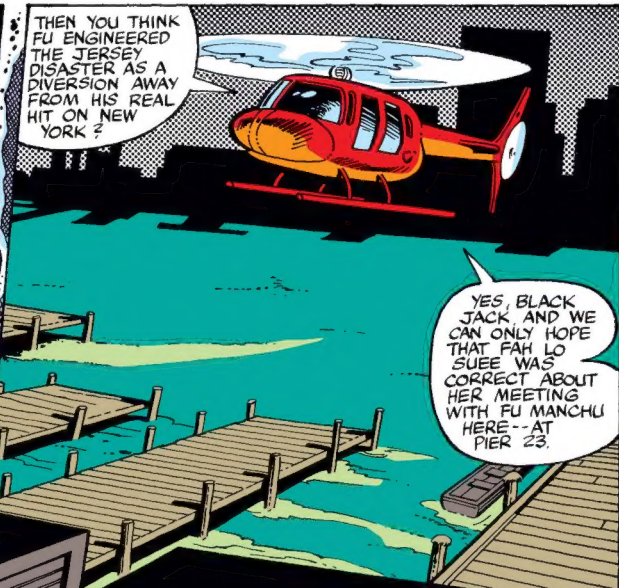




--FIREMEN AND POLICE FROM AS FAR AWAY AS MANHATTAN HAVE BEEN CALLED TO THE SCENE OF THE BLAZE--

--LEAVING NEW YORK WEAKENED, NEARLY DEFENSELESS...

--AGAINST WHATEVER FU MANCHU IS PLANNING.



THEN YOU THINK FU ENGINEERED THE JERSEY DISASTER AS A DIVERSION AWAY FROM HIS REAL HIT ON NEW YORK?

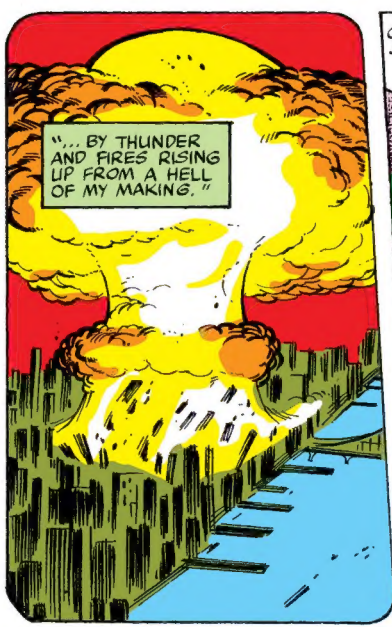
YES, BLACK JACK, AND WE CAN ONLY HOPE THAT FAH LO SUEE WAS CORRECT ABOUT HER MEETING WITH FU MANCHU HERE-- AT PIER 23.



IT IS DONE, CELESTIAL ONE, SET FOR FORTY MINUTES.

THEN... IN FORTY MINUTES...

... NEW YORK CITY SHALL BE DESTROYED... FROM BELOW...



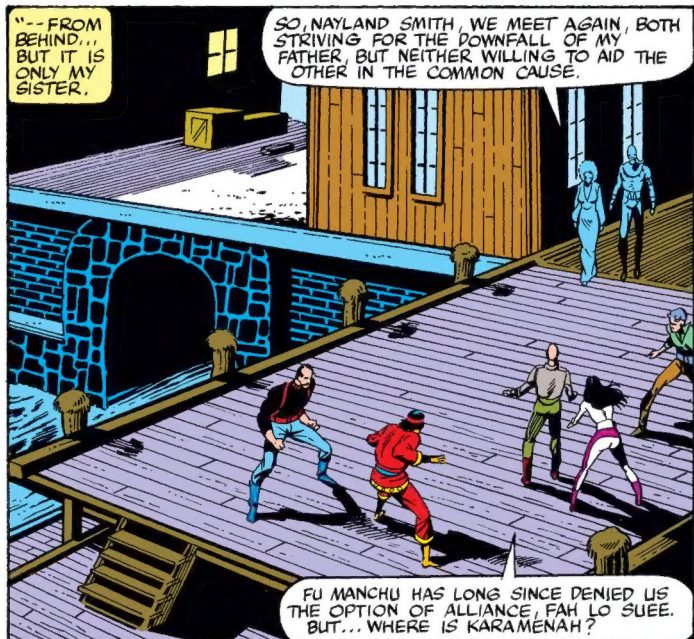
"... BY THUNDER AND FIRES RISING UP FROM A HELL OF MY MAKING."



OF COURSE, I SHALL SEE TO IT THAT THE SOVIETS ARE BLAMED.



NOW COME-- WE MUST MEET MY SHOCK-IMAGES AT THE RENDEZVOUS SITE FOR ESCAPE... TO WAIT OUT THE APOCALYPSE OF WORLD WAR III.







"WEAPONS EXIST FOR
THE WEAK..."



"...AND FOR THOSE WHO ARE ATTACKED
BY OTHER WEAPONS."



"THEY OWE NO
ALLEGIANCE OR
LOYALTY, AND CAN
BE TURNED ON
THEIR FORMER
MASTERS..."



"...BY ONE WHO IS
A TRUE MASTER."

"THOSE WHO STILL CAN, FLEE FOR THE CONDUIT..."



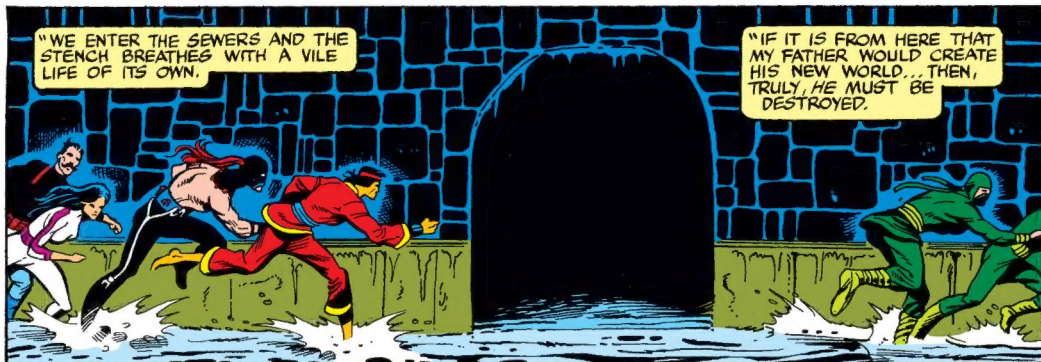
"AFTER THEM,
LADS!"

"ZARAN, THE WEAPONS
MASTER, IS THE FIRST TO
FOLLOW ME, EAGER TO
AVENGE THE KNIFE
HURLED IN HIS LOVER'S
BACK. I LOATHE THE
MAN..."



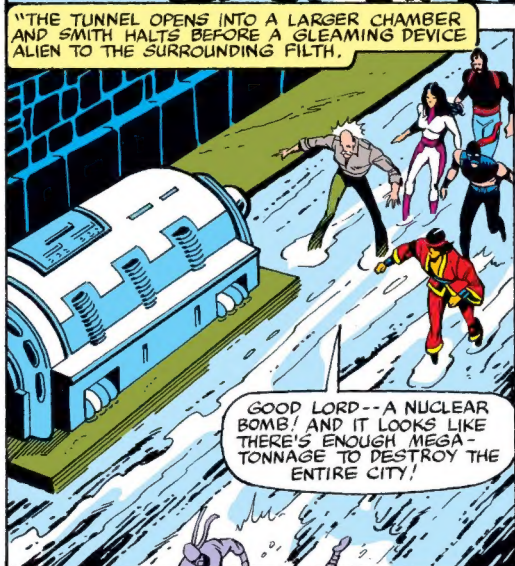
"QUICKLY--
THEY'LL
LEAD US
TO FU
MANCHU!!"

"...BUT WHAT
MY SISTER
DOES HAS
NEVER BEEN
MY CONCERN."



"WE ENTER THE SEWERS AND THE STENCH BREATHES WITH A VILE LIFE OF ITS OWN."

"IF IT IS FROM HERE THAT MY FATHER WOULD CREATE HIS NEW WORLD... THEN, TRULY, HE MUST BE DESTROYED."



"THE TUNNEL OPENS INTO A LARGER CHAMBER AND SMITH HALTS BEFORE A GLEAMING DEVICE ALIEN TO THE SURROUNDING FILTH."

"GOOD LORD--A NUCLEAR BOMB! AND IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S ENOUGH MEGA-TONNAGE TO DESTROY THE ENTIRE CITY!"



"BLACK JACK, YOU STAY HERE--"

--HELP ME TRY TO DISMANTLE THE THING-- AND I PRAY THAT I STILL REMEMBER MY TRAINING FROM THE C.I.D.

"THE REST OF YOU, KEEP AFTER THEM-- YOU MUST FIND AND STOP FU MANCHU!"



"IT'S ON A TIMER, BLACK JACK, SET TO DETONATE IN LESS THAN 30 MINUTES!"

"WHAT DO WE DO, SIR DENIS?"

"FIRST WE MUST REMOVE THE HOUSING PLATES..."



"SHANG, I DON'T HAVE MY GUN-- I LOST IT INTO THE WATER OFF THE PIER."

"WEAPONS ARE FOR THE WEAK, LEIKO..."



"ZARAN, A MASTER OF WEAPONRY, SAYS NOTHING. I HAVE BEATEN HIM, WITHOUT WEAPONS, TWICE IN THE PAST."

"FOLLOW ME, LEIKO-- BUT STAY CLOSE TO ZARAN."

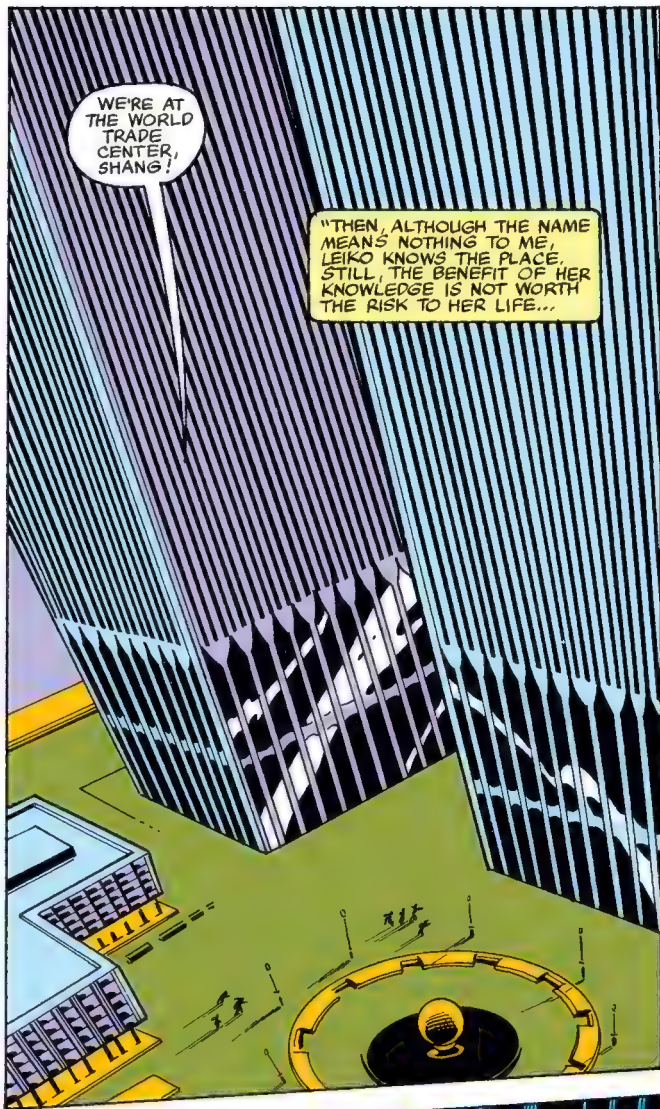
"FROM EXPERIENCE, I KNOW THAT HE WILL TAKE FEWER RISKS THAN I."

"ABOVE THE STREET, THE GOLDEN DAWN WARRIORS RACE FOR THE NEARER OF TWO IDENTICAL BUILDINGS--BUILDINGS LARGER THAN ANY I HAVE EVER SEEN..."



WE'RE AT
THE WORLD
TRADE
CENTER,
SHANG!

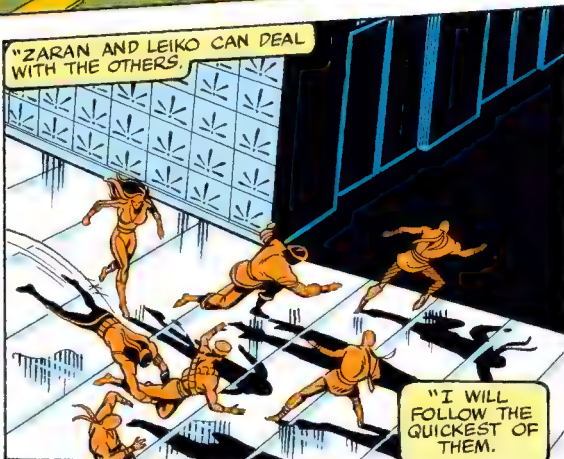
"THEN, ALTHOUGH THE NAME MEANS NOTHING TO ME, LEIKO KNOWS THE PLACE. STILL, THE BENEFIT OF HER KNOWLEDGE IS NOT WORTH THE RISK TO HER LIFE..."

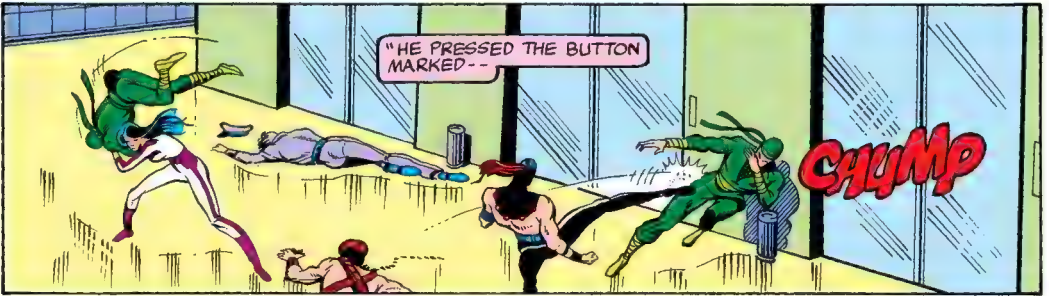
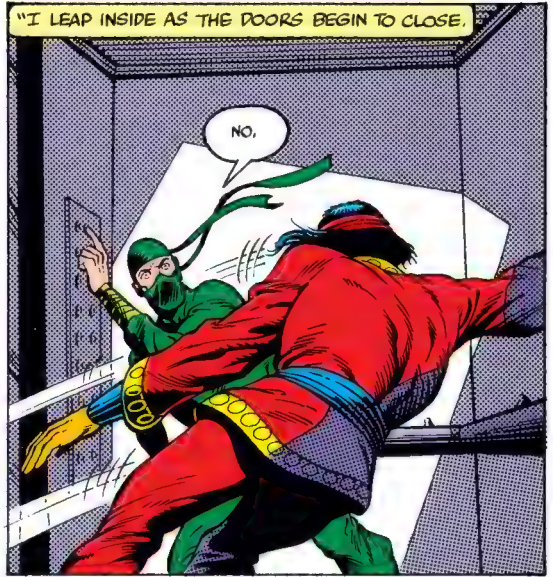


"THEY DO NOT
BOTHER WITH
DOORS."

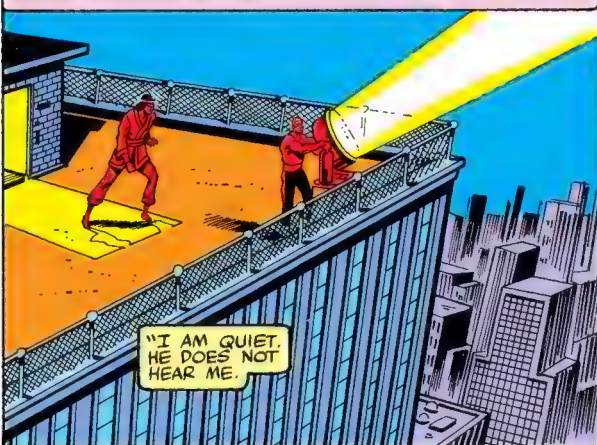


"ZARAN AND LEIKO CAN DEAL
WITH THE OTHERS."





"ON THE ROOF A LARGE MAN OPERATES A BEACON, SWEEPING THE SKY WITH CRYPTIC SIGNS, SIGNALING AGENTS UNKNOWN, BUT ONE FACT IS CLEAR: HE SERVES FU MANCHU."



"I AM QUIET. HE DOES NOT HEAR ME."

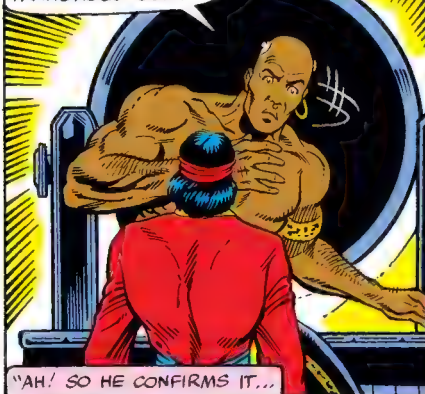
"SO I SPEAK TO HIM..."

WHERE IS MY FATHER?



"HE SPINS, ANGERED BY THE BETRAYAL OF HIS SENSES."

YOU! THE CELESTIAL ONE'S TRAITOROUS SON!



"AH! SO HE CONFIRMS IT..."

"MY FATHER IS NEAR."



I... AM... MARU..."



IT... IS... MY DUTY... TO--

--SLAY YOU!!

"I DO NOT GIVE HIM THE CHANCE."



"STRANGELY, HE IGNORES THE PAIN, AND SO... I MUST TEST MY WEAKNESS AND MY MASTERY..."

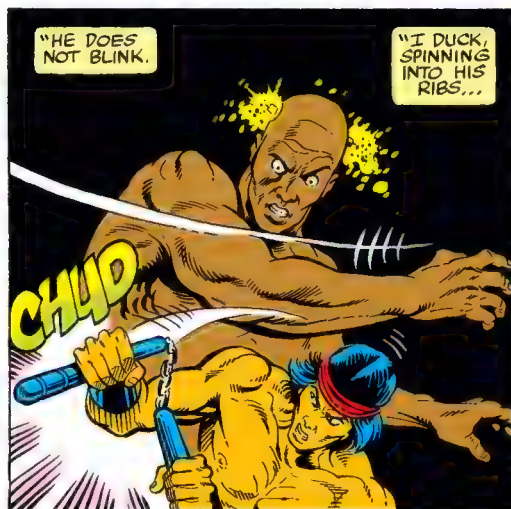
VERY WELL, MARU."



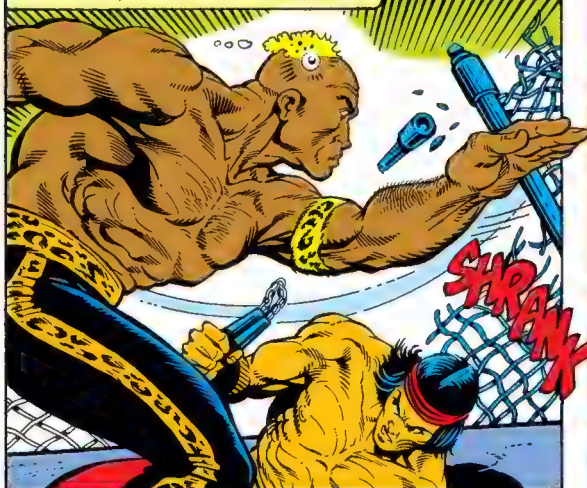
"...BY EMPLOYING THE NUNCHAKS FOR THE SECOND TIME THIS NIGHT."

SLAY ME





"IT IS MY FATHER'S DOING-- THE ELECTRODES IN HIS HEAD--TAPPING AND SPIKING HIS MIND, DENYING NATURAL REACTIONS, SUPPLYING FALSE ONES..."



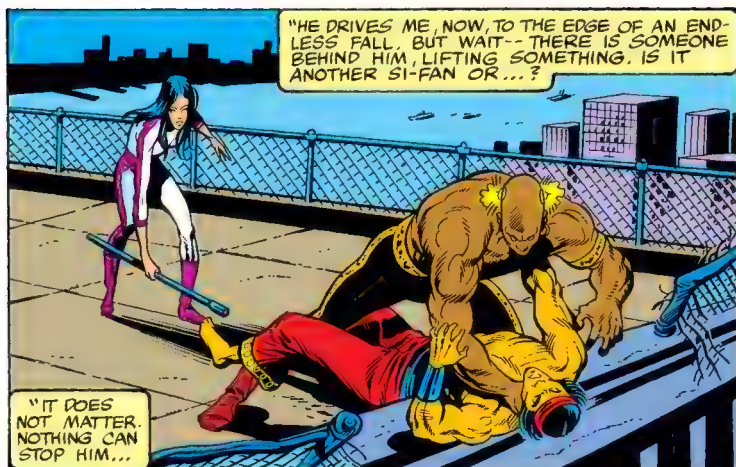
"HIS MIND HAS BEEN STRIPPED OF THE ABILITY TO RECOGNIZE PAIN."



"NOTHING!"

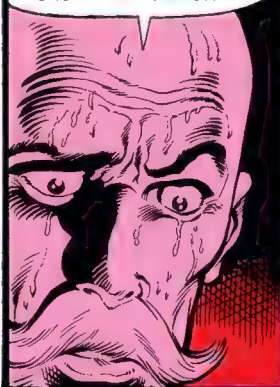


"AS SOON AS HIS SENSES SEEK DARKNESS, HIS MIND IS AGAIN JOLTED AWARE!"



"IT DOES NOT MATTER. NOTHING CAN STOP HIM..."

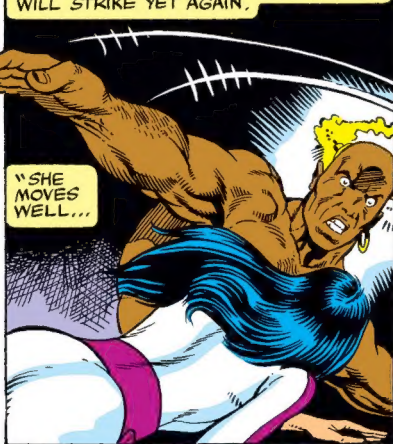
"THE TASK MAY BE IMPOSSIBLE, BLACK JACK. I'M AFRAID NOTHING CAN STOP THIS BOMB..."



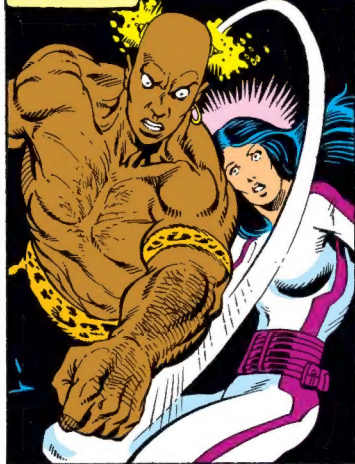
"NO! IT IS LEIKO--STRIKING HIM WITH A SECTION OF THE SHATTERED FENCE! HE MUST FALL! NO ONE CAN WITHSTAND A BLOW OF SUCH FORCE--!"



"BUT HE DOES--AND HE WILL STRIKE BACK AT HER, AGAIN AND AGAIN, UNTIL EVERY BONE IN HIS HANDS AND ARMS HAS BEEN BROKEN--AND THEN HE WILL STRIKE YET AGAIN."



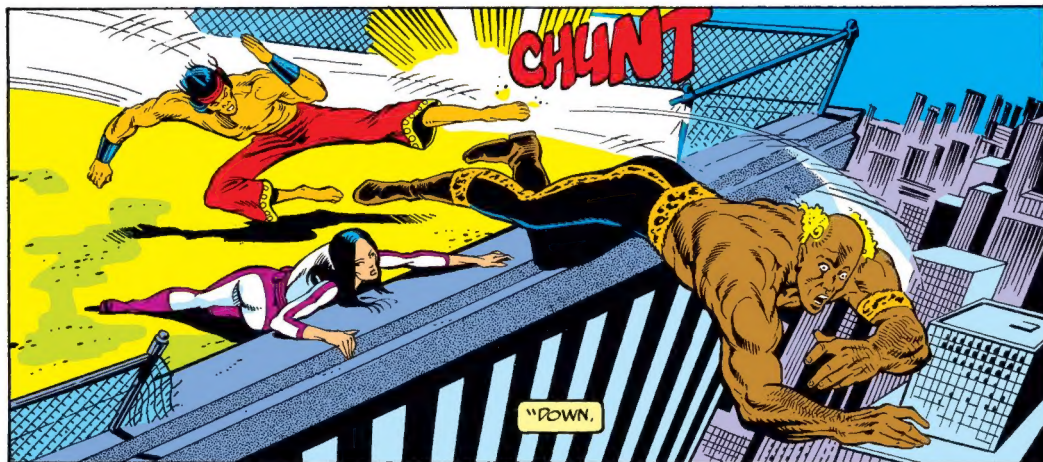
"... BUT IT IS FUTILE AGAINST AN UNTIRING, UNSTOPPABLE OPPONENT..."

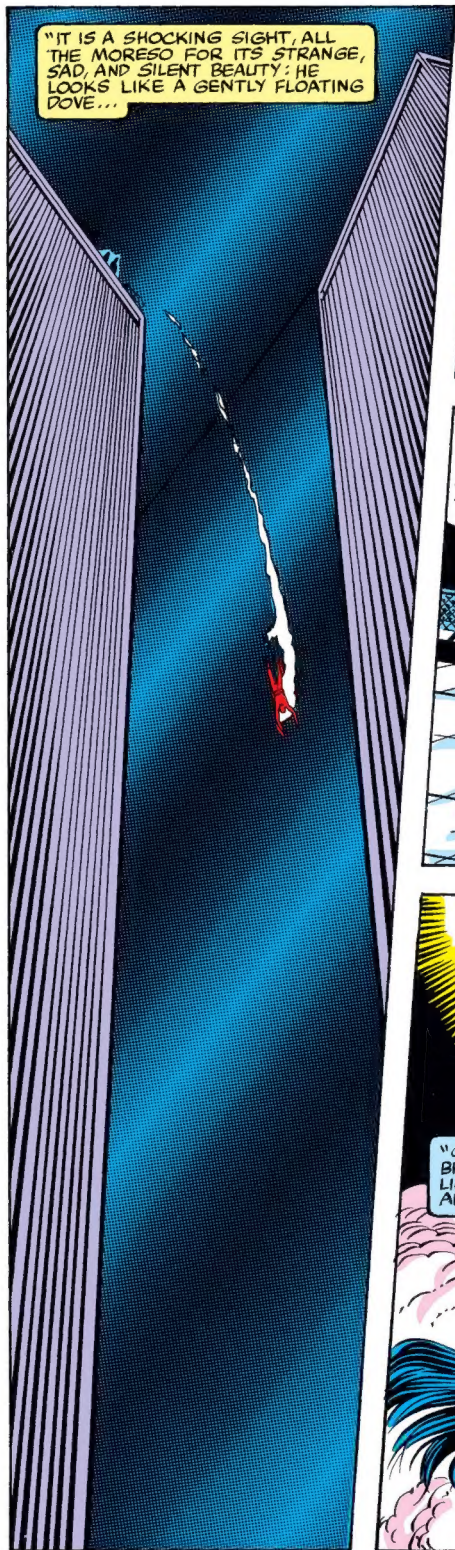


"... AGAINST ONE WHO CANNOT KNOW THAT HE HAS ALREADY BEEN BEATEN SENSELESS TIME AND AGAIN."



"IT IS THE ONLY WAY!"





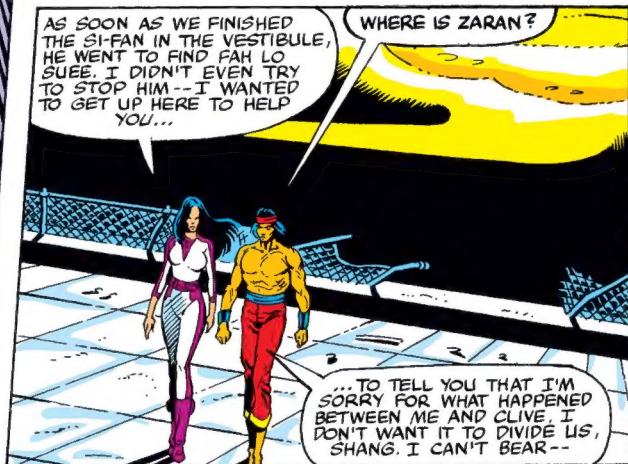
"IT IS A SHOCKING SIGHT, ALL THE MORE SO FOR ITS STRANGE, SAD, AND SILENT BEAUTY: HE LOOKS LIKE A GENTLY FLOATING DOVE..."



YOU MOVED WELL, LEIKO... LIKE A CAT... A SLEEK LEOPARD.

WHO... WHO WAS HE, SHANG?

MARU... A MAN WHO WAS ALREADY DEAD, HIS MIND AND SPIRIT SLAIN BY MY FATHER.



AS SOON AS WE FINISHED THE SI-FAN IN THE VESTIBULE, HE WENT TO FIND FAH LO SUEE. I DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO STOP HIM-- I WANTED TO GET UP HERE TO HELP YOU...

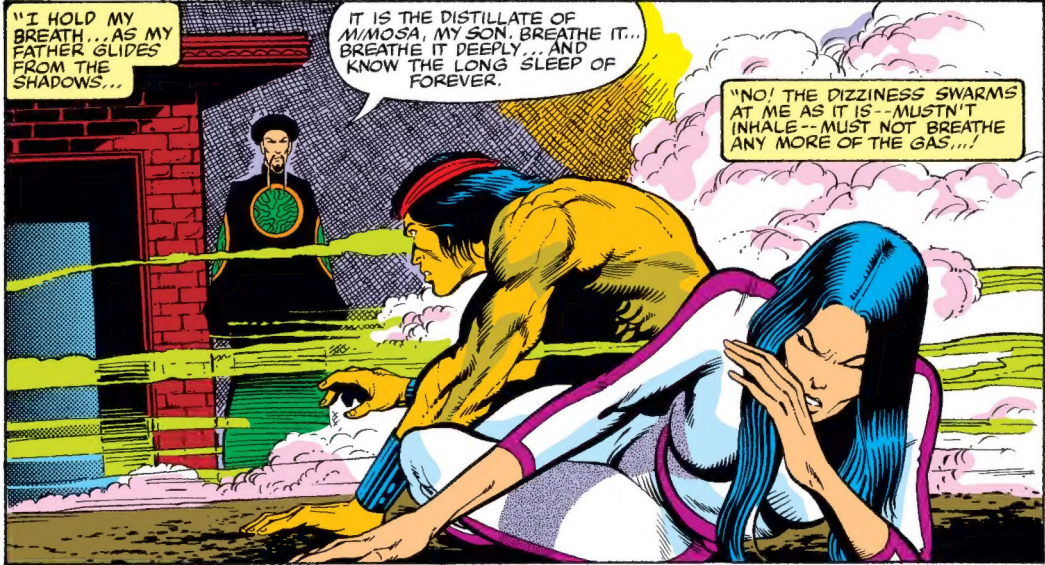
WHERE IS ZARAN?

...TO TELL YOU THAT I'M SORRY FOR WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN ME AND CLIVE, I DON'T WANT IT TO DIVIDE US, SHANG. I CAN'T BEAR--



"GAS!--AND BRIGHT STRANGE LIGHTS FROM ABOVE..."

SSHHHH



"I HOLD MY BREATH... AS MY FATHER GLIDES FROM THE SHADOWS..."

IT IS THE DISTILLATE OF M/MOSA, MY SON. BREATHE IT... BREATHE IT DEEPLY... AND KNOW THE LONG SLEEP OF FOREVER.

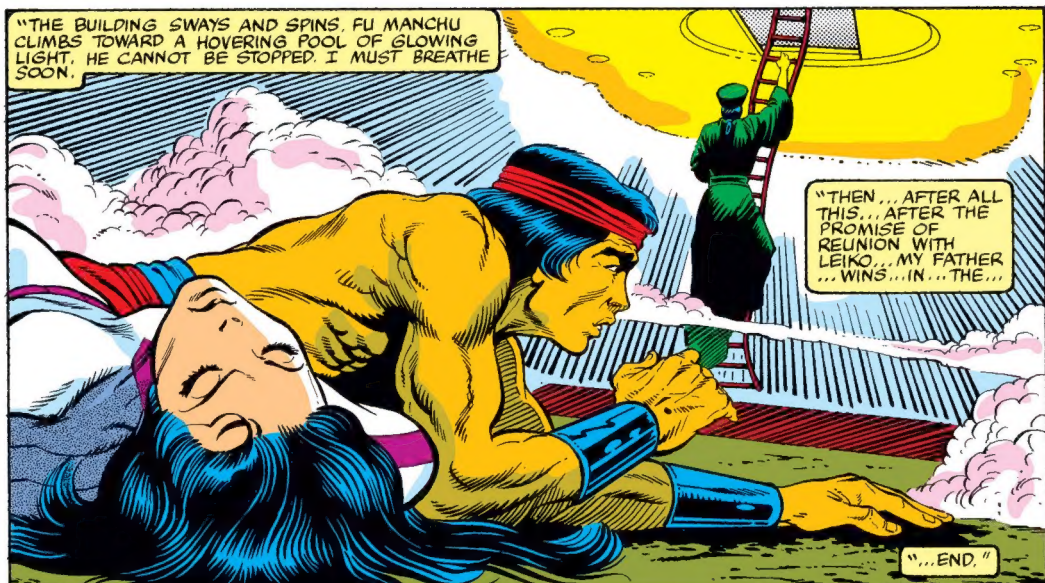
"NO! THE DIZZINESS SWARMS AT ME AS IT IS--MUSTN'T INHALE--MUST NOT BREATHE ANY MORE OF THE GAS..."



BUT WE GOTTA STOP IT, SIR DENIS! WE GOTTA TRY SOMETHING--EVEN IF IT MEANS JUST RIPPIN' THE BLOODY THING APART!

NO! I TELL YOU IT'S NO GOOD, BLACK JACK!

THE TIMER IS SET TO DETONATE IN LESS THAN TEN MINUTES! WE DON'T HAVE THE TOOLS! WE DON'T HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE! WE DON'T HAVE THE TIME!



"THE BUILDING SWAYS AND SPINS. FU MANCHU CLIMBS TOWARD A HOVERING POOL OF GLOWING LIGHT. HE CANNOT BE STOPPED. I MUST BREATHE SOON."

"THEN... AFTER ALL THIS... AFTER THE PROMISE OF REUNION WITH LEIKO... MY FATHER... WINS... IN... THE..."

"...END."

NEXT ISSUE: THE EPIC CONCLUSION --A SEQUENCE OF EVENTS BOTH STAGGERING IN SCOPE AND SHOCKING IN POWER! IT IS CALLED... **DRAGONS!**

MISSIVES TO THE MASTER!

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

JIM SALICRUP
EDITOR
BOB BUDIANSKY
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Dear Doug,

"Tarr liked that car."

Hah! Brilliant, Doug! A masterstroke! Beyond the side-splittingly understated humor of that remark — beyond it being the perfect comic relief after so much violence, confusion, and chaos — beyond it being a welcome change of pace from Tarr and Reston getting all the funny lines — it finally and eloquently speaks volumes about the Westernization of Shang-Chi. Three years ago, that sort of dry humor would have been unthinkable. But now it seems so natural I barely realized what you were saying.

Looking good, Doug. Thank you.

Kirk Daniel Messmer
The Lawyer's Club
551 S. State St.
Ann Arbor, MI 48109

And thank you, Kirk, for the concisely controlled letter. Grounded as it is in a more linear cerebral reality, we decided it would form the perfect bridge of contrast to our next letter, a missive of somewhat... um... looser connections...

Dear Doug and Mike,

The easiest thing for a writer to do is to let his imagination loose among his work. This normally proves successful (yamma yamma), as the reader tries to unwind the enigmatic parts from the downright weird hallucinations (ever heard Bowie's *Station to Station*?) and you've been letting loose a lot lately. Admittedly, your imagination and its resultant creations are more creative? innovative? original? than that of normal people, and there you have it. Yet I'm not saying you've taken the easy way out, not by a long way. Apart from the fact that your characters (pleasantly sprung from insanity) are appealing in their own right, your total fantasy is (or seems to be anyway) painstakingly projected on a backdrop of firm reality (oops, there goes that word again!), so, while we have a bloody entertaining and immensely enjoyable story, you still remind us of what the characters/plot are "all about." Shockwave, for example. And you started off Brynocki's latest lunatic tale with the stunningly real "Nightsides." Yet you never let us forget Brynocki's (Mordillo's?) sense of humor — for example, by giving us that amazing last line of dialogue: "Think I'll just go somewhere and rust." Love it, love it, love it!

So after that, what do we expect? An enthralling story full of mystery, wizened Chinese ancients, brutal fights, nervous breakdowns and a truly incredible climax. You also promised an "extended fight sequence not gonna believe it etc., etc." for ish #77. Sorry, but I thought the Black Jack Demon-Masks thingie was more fun and exciting to watch/read mainly because, although Mike draws the blocks, snap punches, kicks etc. well enough, Shang's whole body seemed somehow out of place; nonfluidity rules. Ho-hum. Must say, though, Zaran hurling his knives looked spectacular — congrats. Anyway, since you have "master of kung fu" on the cover of the comic, the action shots should always be kung fu/karate oriented. Otherwise the art was great.

Then #s 78 and 79. Wow. Al Gordon is/was a fantastic inker. Dark and gloomy, suiting the Scottish Highland perfectly. (Lay off the Medieval/Victorian doctor though, willya!)

And here Mike's art attained the true motion of kung fu and the other martial arts, but surely if Shang throws his body behind a kick it should take the man out, so to speak. Unless Zaran's mask is reinforced or his head is steel, Shang's kicks ain't what they used to be. Ho-hum.

Anyways — Mike's drawings seem to have taken a good leap forward in these two issues, and allowing for the time gap between this writing and what will later be now (around five issues, or is it ??), they should be even better.

There's loads more to say but I haven't the time and you haven't the space. God, Doug and Mike, your comic's good.

I hate you.

Matthew Frost
30, St. Illtyds Close
Baglan Port Talbot
West Glam. South Wales

Uh... sure, Matt. If you say so.

Dear Guys,

I love comics. There's just something about them. They're cheesy and uncouth. They're renegades. Maybe comics are actually a punk artform. And you guys, well, you're the punks.

Good comics artists and writers remind me of good old (and new) B-movie directors (like Tourneur, Ulmer) who, against all odds and in the most unlikely of places, created some of the most wonderful moments in film, made even more wonderful by the fact that they were there at all.

And so off I go to the newsstand to buy a few of those gaudy little four-color moments of truth and beauty. KUNG FU will always be the first of them.

Hilary Barta
822 Monroe
Evanston, Ill. 60202

Thanks, Hilary... except for one thing. While we sure as dickens don't mind being compared to Jacques and Edgar, we absolutely loathe punks. (And Shang-Chi ain't none too fond of 'em, either.)

By the way, since you live in Evanston, Doug says you oughta check out the Main News Agency if you haven't already done so. They've got the best display of comics on the North Side of Chicago and, uh, surrounding environs.



That wraps it this time, People. Next time we've got the conclusion to the current sticky mess involving Fu Manchu. It's a goodie and we don't think you'd care to miss it...
Bye.